

OCTOBER  
No.14

10¢

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP  
I.C.D.  
10

# The BARKER

*and his pals*  
**"BOWL OVER"**  
*high society!*







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE RUBBER MASKS

CLOWN  
\$2.95



IT PULLS ON  
OVER THE  
HEAD LIKE  
A DIVER'S  
HELMET



NOW WATCH ME HAVE  
SOME FUN WITH THE  
GANG TONIGHT AT  
THE MASQUERADE

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR  
YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP  
WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT...

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

MICKEY  
MOUSE  
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney  
Prod.)



SATAN  
\$2.95



Minstrel  
(Black Face)  
\$2.95



DONALD  
DUCK  
\$3.95

(©Walt Disney  
Prod.)



## MASKS AVAILABLE

IDIOT MONKEY LADY KILLER  
CLOWN OLD MAN OLD LADY 4 EYES  
TRAMP SATAN BLACK FACE  
MONSTER MAN SOPHISTICATED LADY

All masks above are \$2.95 each

MICKEY MOUSE MINNIE MOUSE  
DONALD DUCK at \$3.95 each

Special Santa Claus at \$4.95

THE MYSTERY  
HALF-WIT  
SURE HAS THE  
GIRLS ALL AGOG

WHO IS HE  
AND WHERE  
DID HE GET  
THAT MASK?

BOY! WOULD  
I HAVE FUN  
WITH THAT  
IDIOT'S FACE

YOU'RE  
FUNNIER  
WITH YOUR  
OWN

SEND  
NO MONEY!

RUSH  
COUPON  
NOW

Just mail coupon. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced \$2.95 except Santa Claus (\$4.95) and Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck (at \$3.95 each). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All Masks guaranteed perfect

## RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, INC.

6044 Avondale Avenue, Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Illinois

IDIOT . . \$2.95

Yes, here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.

MONKEY \$2.95



Rubber-For-Molds, Inc., 6044 Avondale Ave.,  
Dept. 53MX Chicago 31, Ill.

Send me the Masks checked Below

- ☐ Idiot ☐ Monkey ☐ Lady Killer  
☐ Clown ☐ Old Man ☐ Old Lady  
☐ 4 Eyes ☐ Tramp ☐ Satan  
☐ Black Face ☐ Monster Man  
☐ Sophisticated Lady  
☐ Mickey Mouse  
☐ Minnie Mouse  
☐ Donald Duck  
☐ Santa Claus

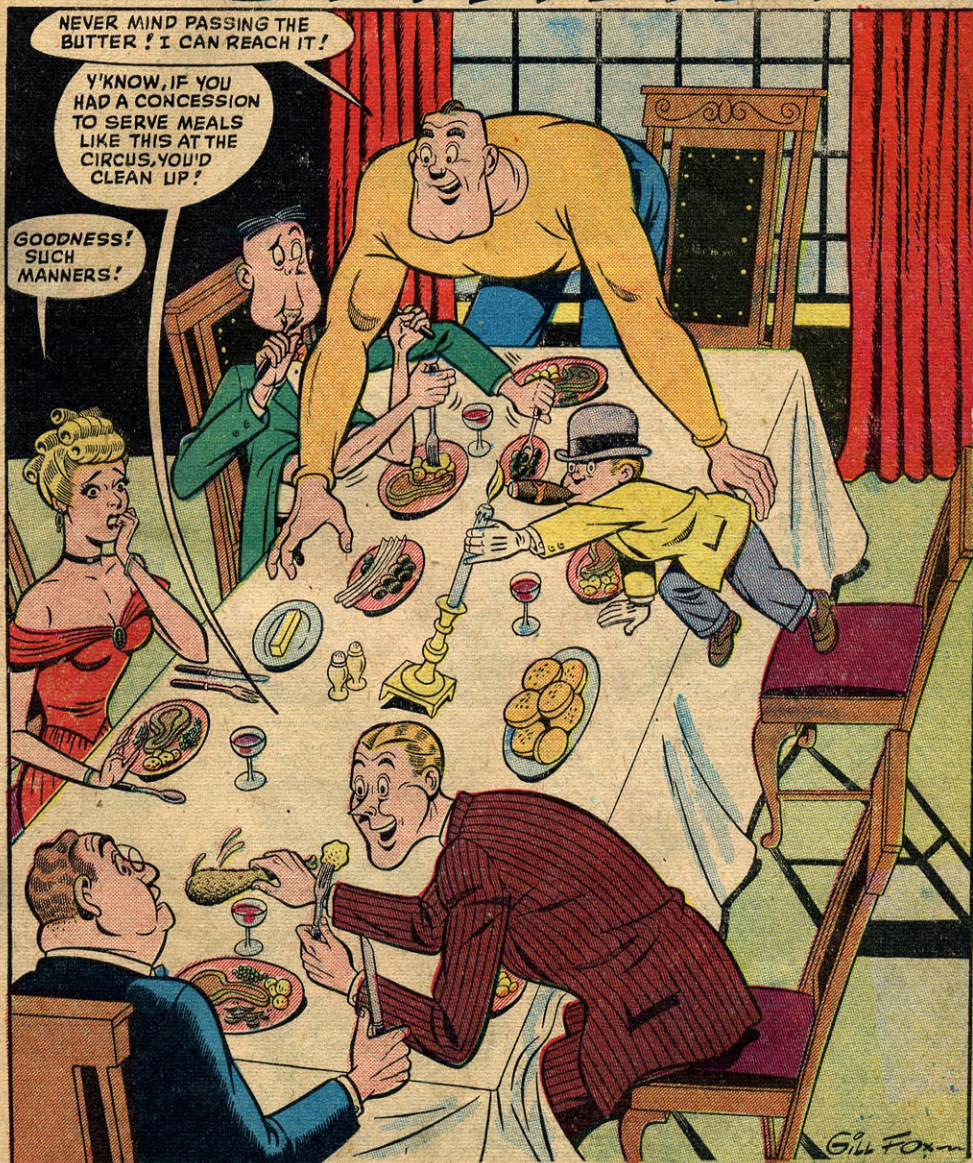
( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage  
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print Plainly)  
STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

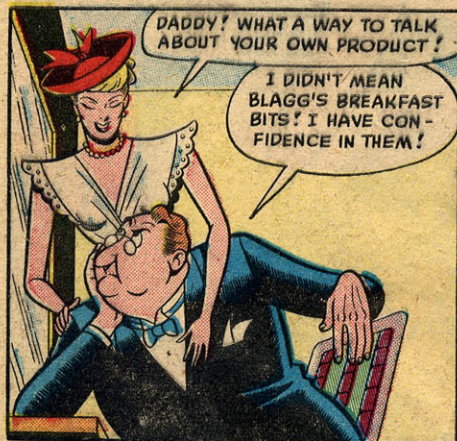
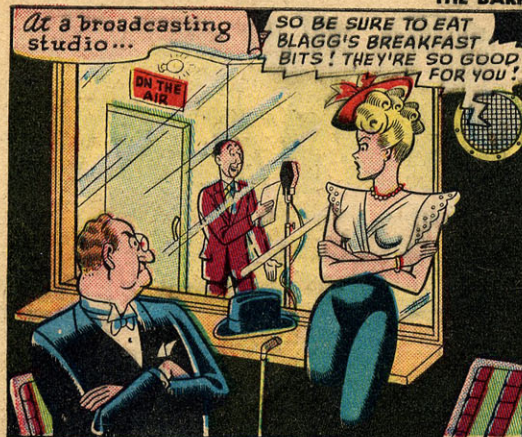


THE BARKER

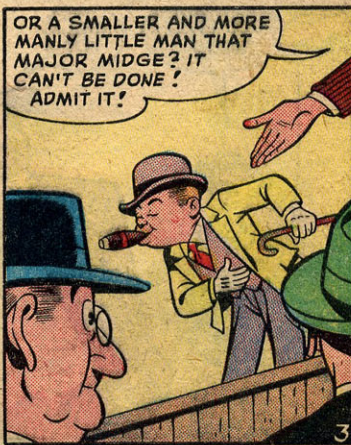
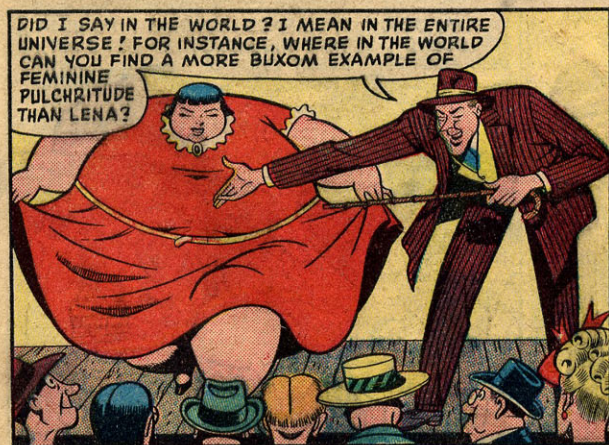
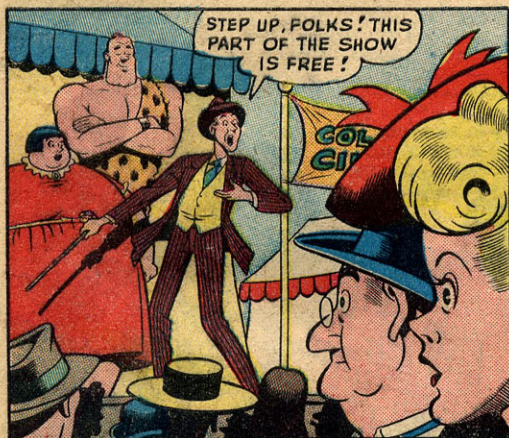
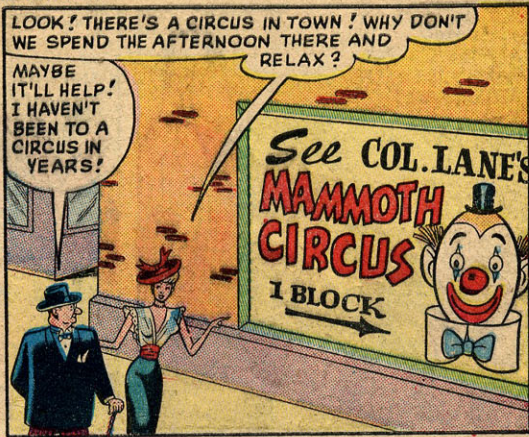
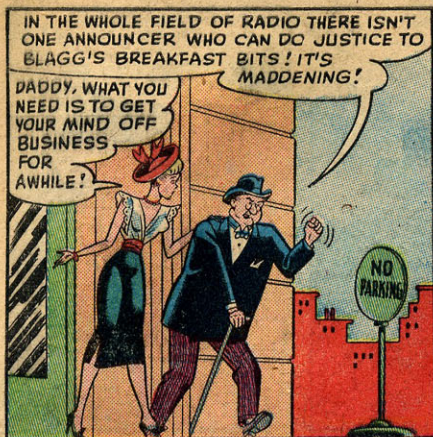
# THE BARKER





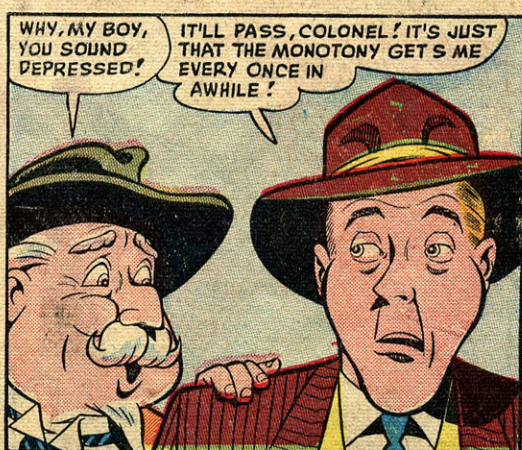
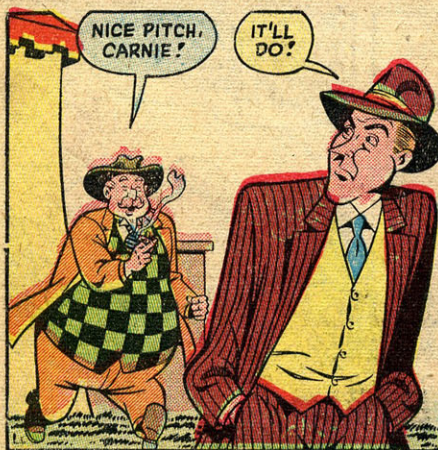
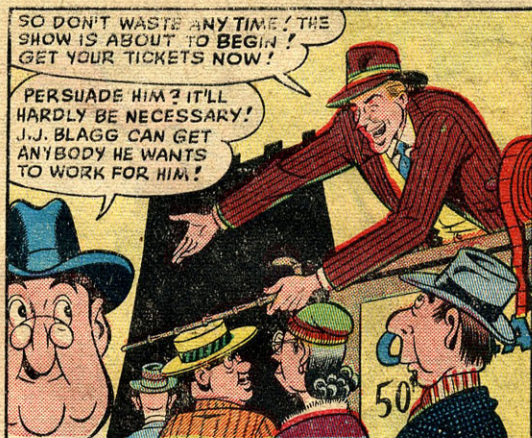
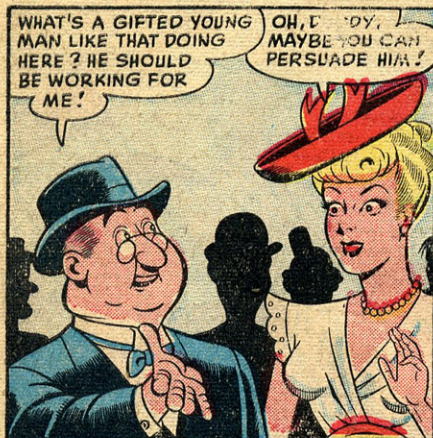
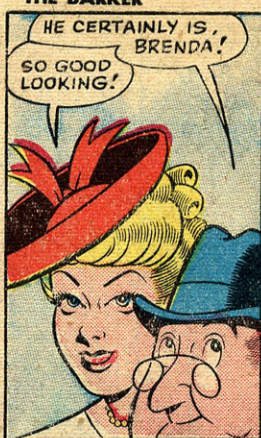






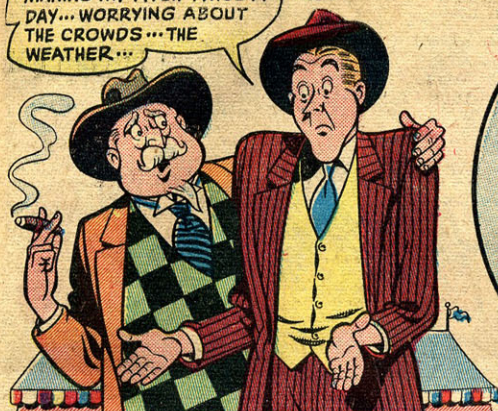


THE BARKER





ALL THESE YEARS IN THE CIRCUS...  
MAKING MY PITCH TWICE A  
DAY... WORRYING ABOUT  
THE CROWDS... THE  
WEATHER...

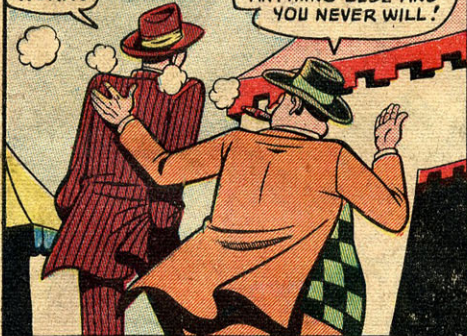


...EATING BEANS AND GUZZLING STALE  
COFFEE HALF THE TIME! SOMETIMES I  
THINK I'M NOT GIVING MYSELF A BREAK!  
I'M NOT GETTING ANY YOUNGER!



MAYBE I COULD HAVE  
HAD A PILE OF DOUGH  
BY NOW IF I'D BEEN IN  
SOME OTHER KIND OF  
WORK!

NONSENSE, CARNIE! THE  
CIRCUS IS IN YOUR  
BLOOD! YOU COULD  
NEVER HAVE DONE  
ANYTHING ELSE AND  
YOU NEVER WILL!



IT'S JUST A MOOD YOU'RE IN! FORGET IT!

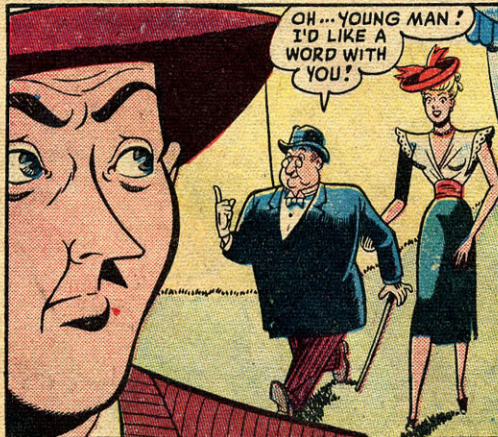
I DUNNO ABOUT THAT!  
I'LL BET I COULD HAVE  
BEEN A LOT

YOU'RE A CIRCUS  
BARKER TO YOUR  
FINGERTIPS!

OF OTHER THINGS  
...INCLUDING A  
GUY WITH A BIG  
BANKROLL!

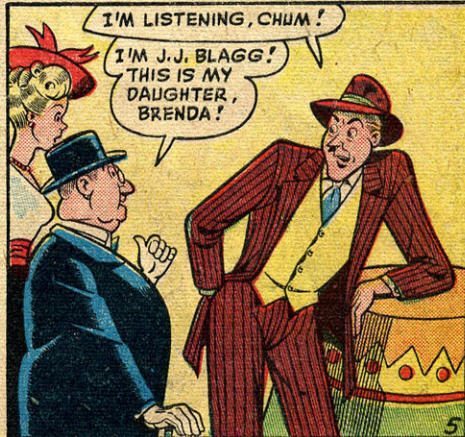


OH... YOUNG MAN!  
I'D LIKE A  
WORD WITH  
YOU!



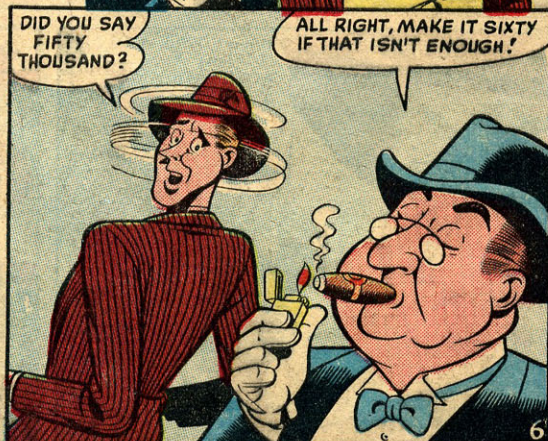
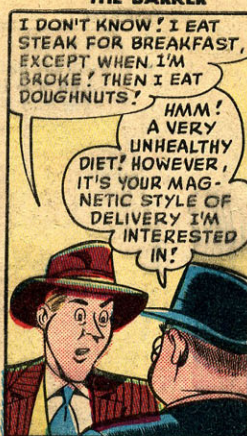
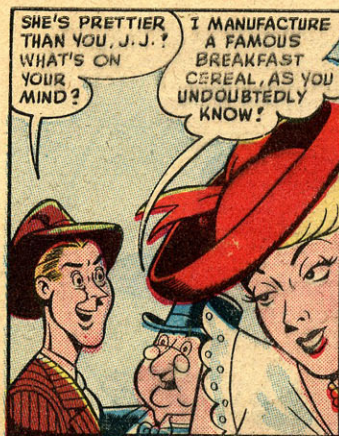
I'M LISTENING, CHUM!

I'M J.J. BLAGG!  
THIS IS MY  
DAUGHTER,  
BRENDA!

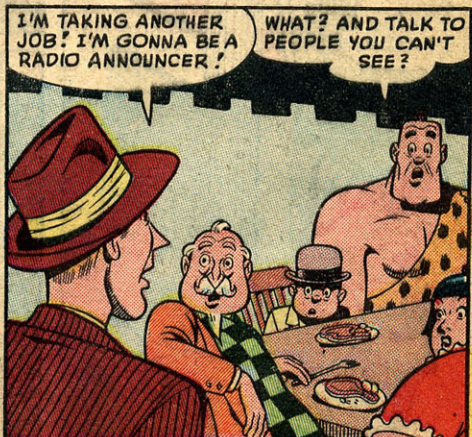
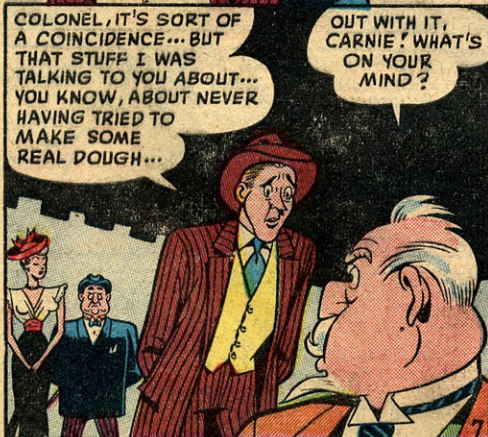
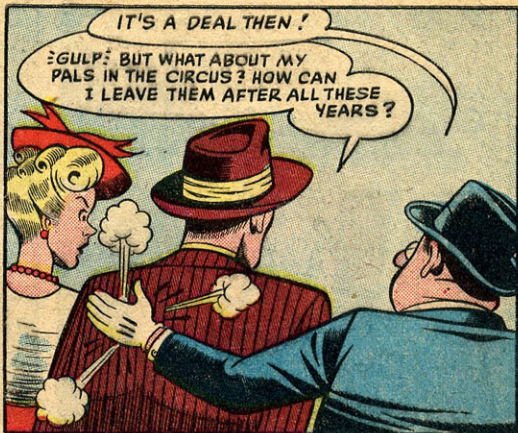




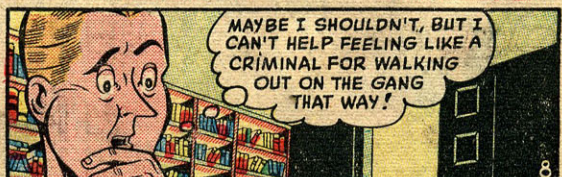
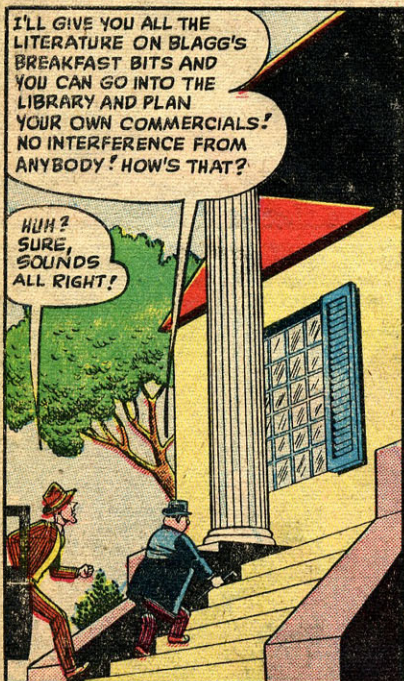
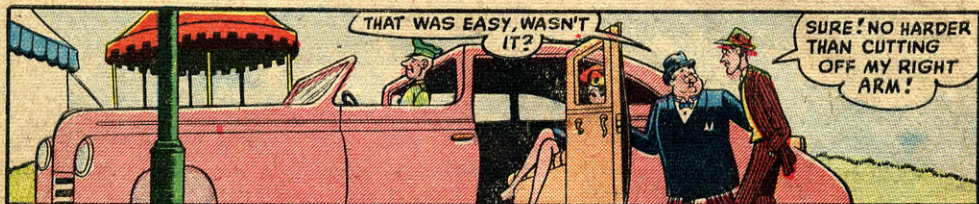
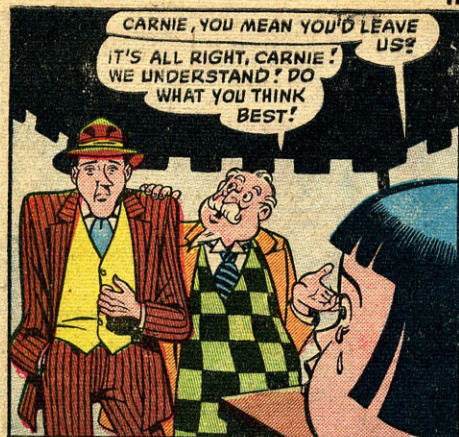
THE BARKER













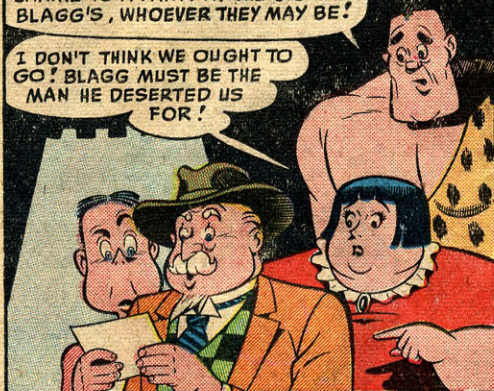
HEY... SHE SAID I COULD INVITE  
SOME PEOPLE IN TOWN TO THE  
PARTY! WELL... THE GANG'S IN  
TOWN!



THE LEAST I CAN DO IS INVITE THEM TO A GOOD  
PARTY BEFORE WE GO OUR SEPARATE WAYS!  
I'LL PHONE IN A TELEGRAM  
TO THE COLONEL!

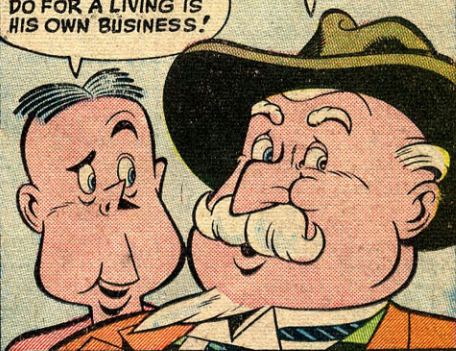
CAN YOU BEAT THAT? AN INVITATION FROM  
CARNIE TO A PARTY AT THE J.J.  
BLAGG'S, WHOEVER THEY MAY BE!

I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO  
GO! BLAGG MUST BE THE  
MAN HE DESERTED US  
FOR!



NONSENSE! OF COURSE WE'LL GO!  
CARNIE'S STILL  
OUR FRIEND!

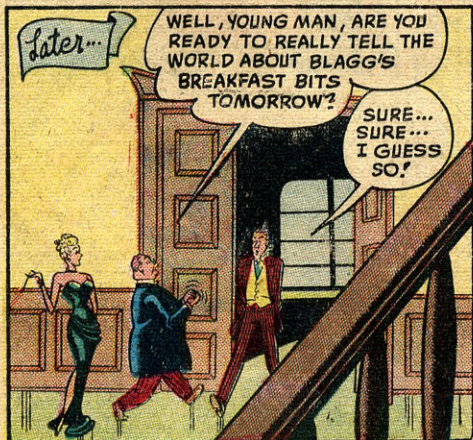
RIGHT! AND  
WHAT HE WANTS TO  
DO FOR A LIVING IS  
HIS OWN BUSINESS!



Later...

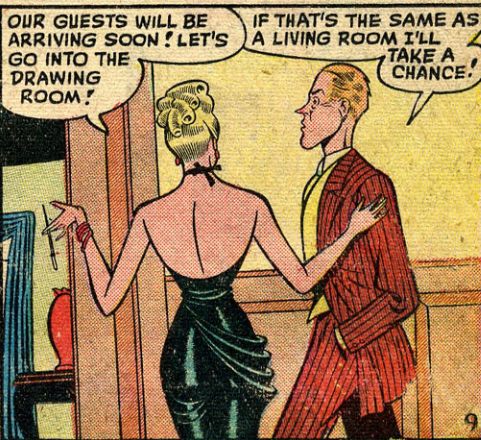
WELL, YOUNG MAN, ARE YOU  
READY TO REALLY TELL THE  
WORLD ABOUT BLAGG'S  
BREAKFAST BITS  
TOMORROW?

SURE...  
SURE...  
I GUESS  
SO!

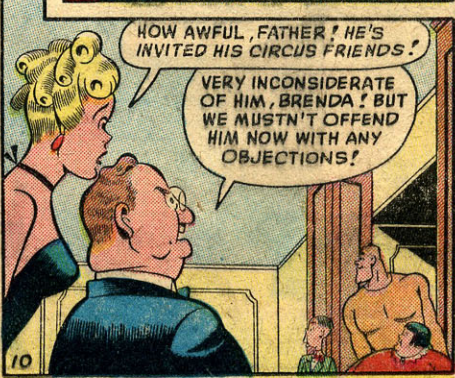
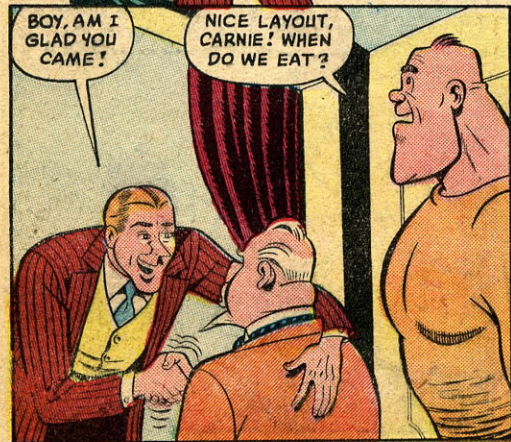
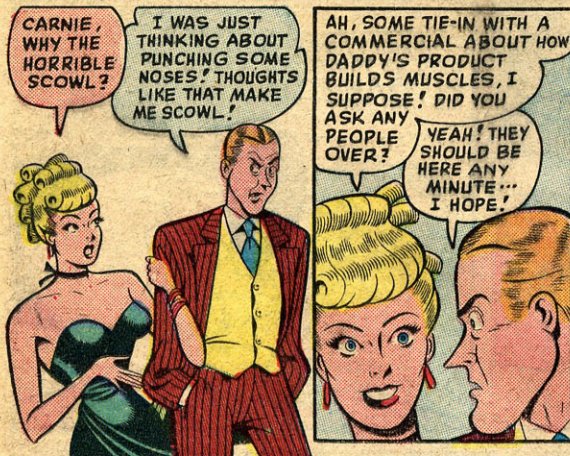
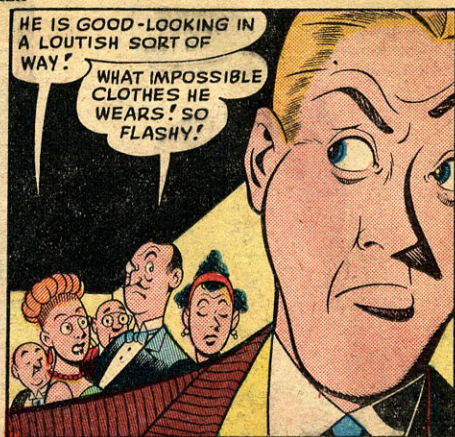


OUR GUESTS WILL BE  
ARRIVING SOON! LET'S  
GO INTO THE  
DRAWING  
ROOM!

IF THAT'S THE SAME AS  
A LIVING ROOM I'LL  
TAKE A  
CHANCE!

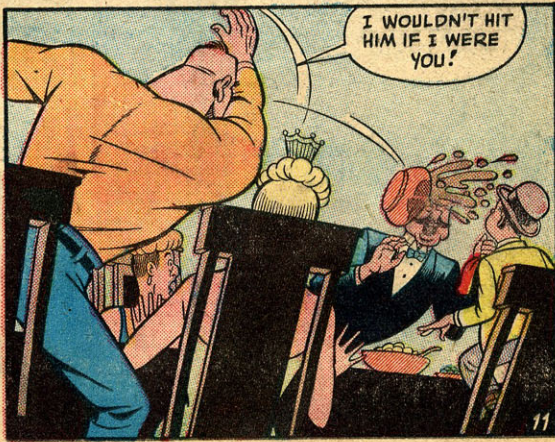
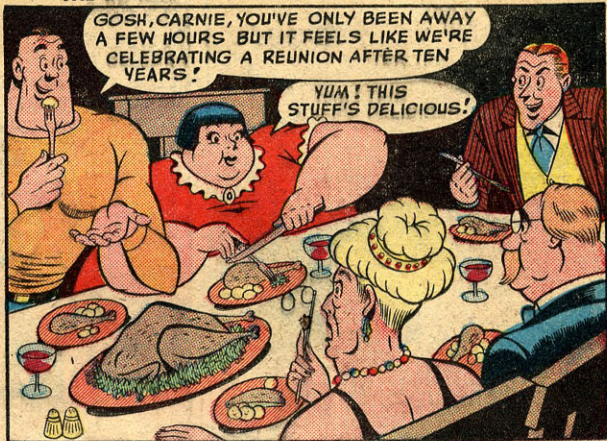




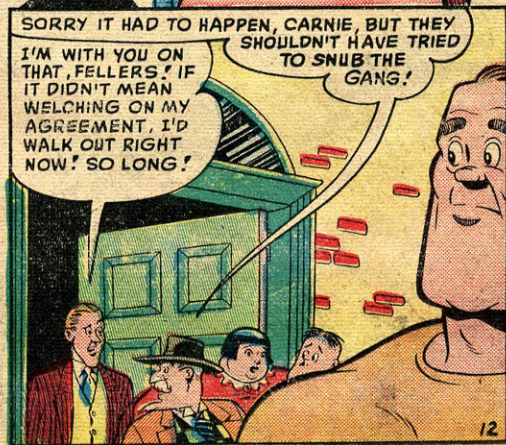
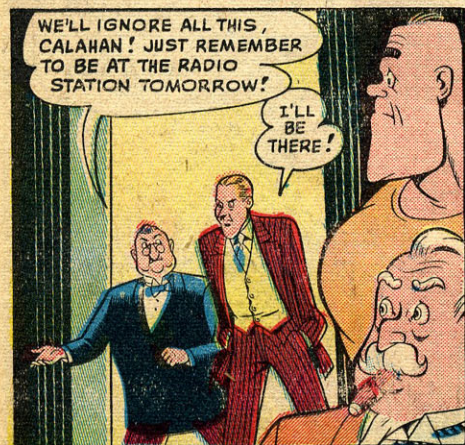
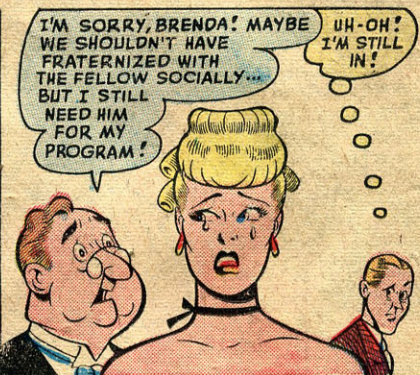
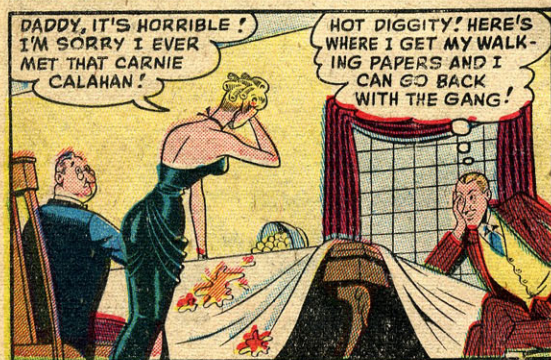
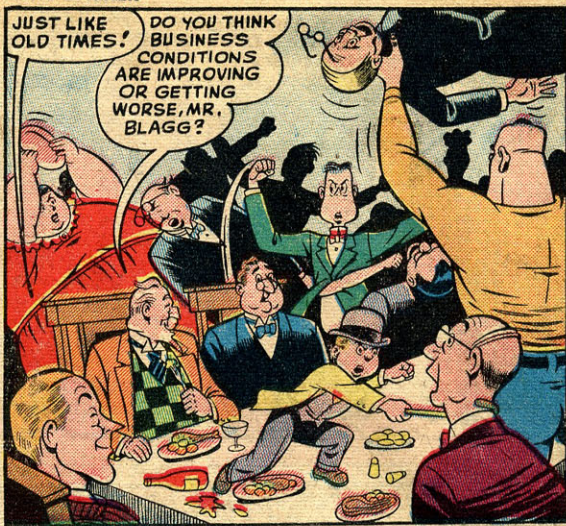




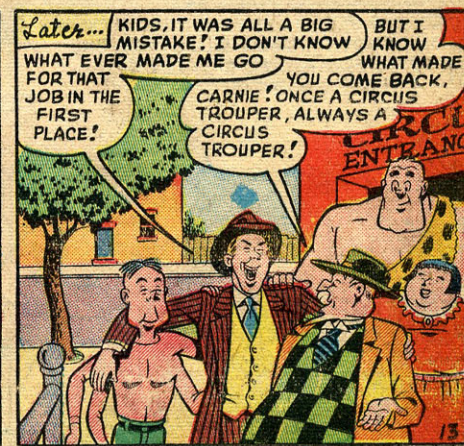
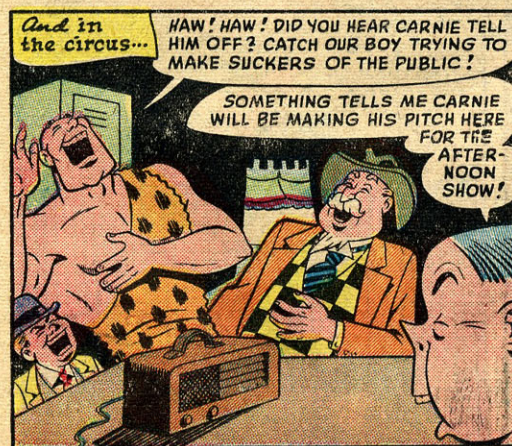
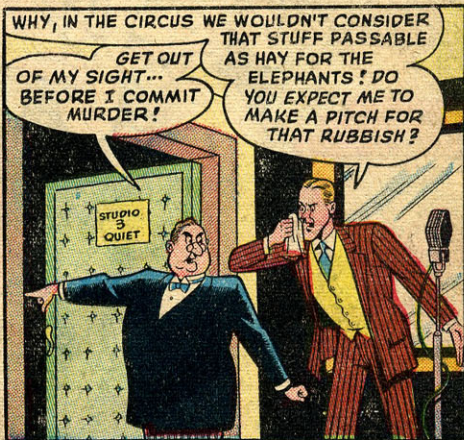
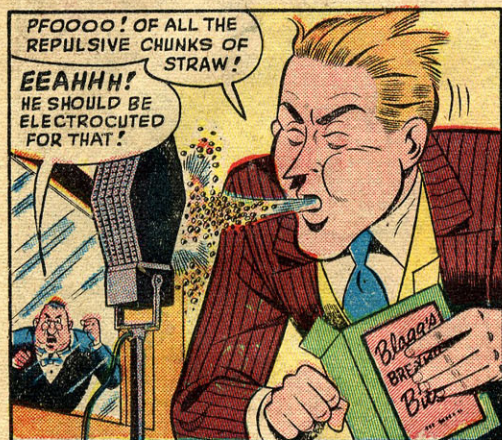
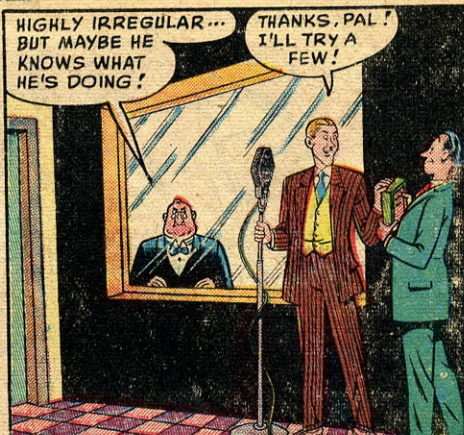
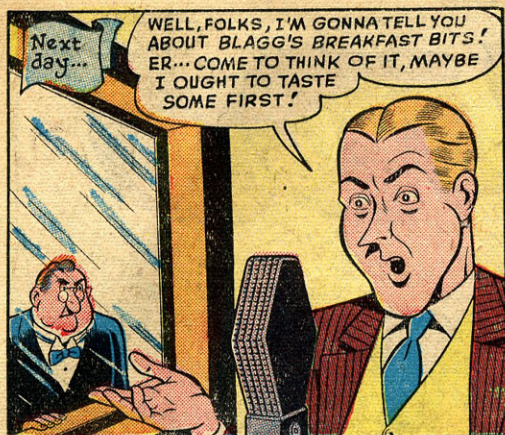
# THE BARKER





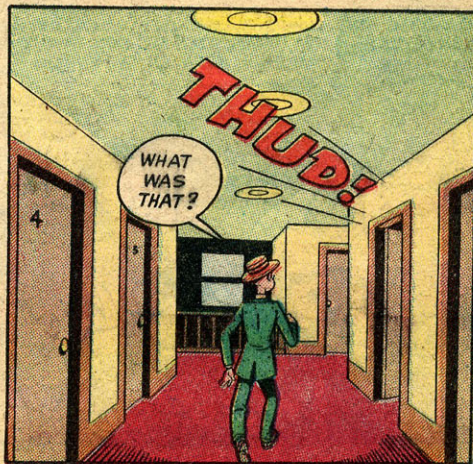
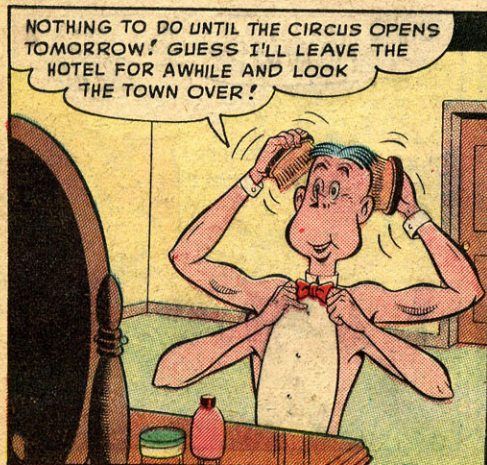
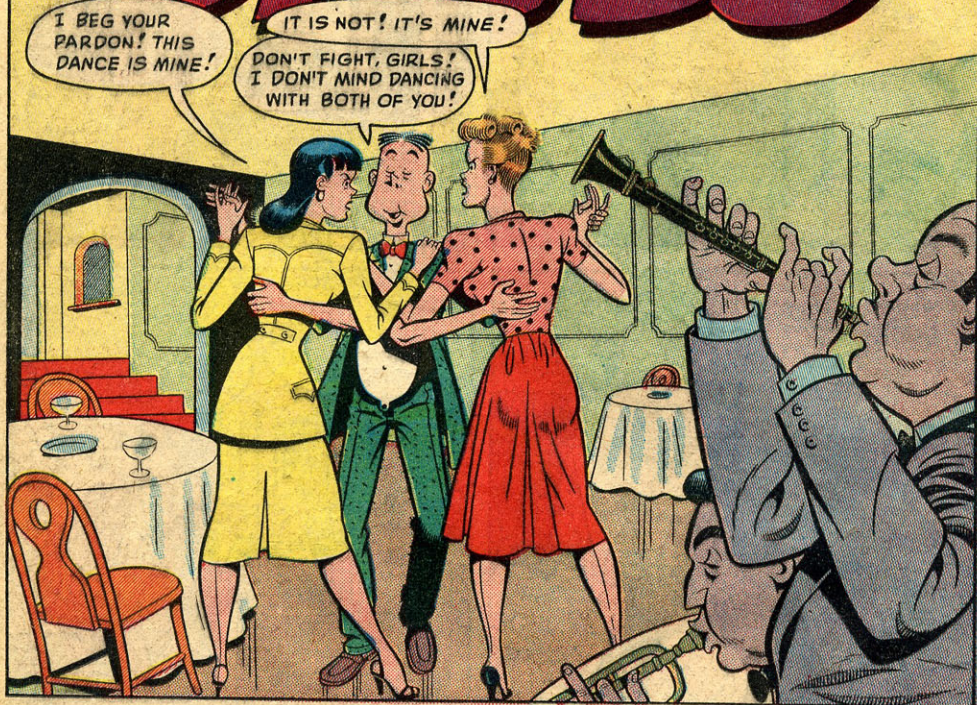




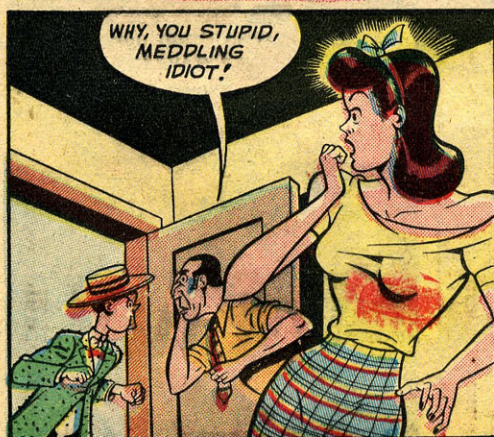
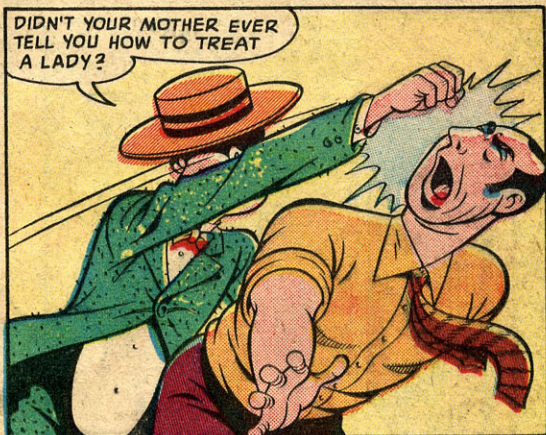




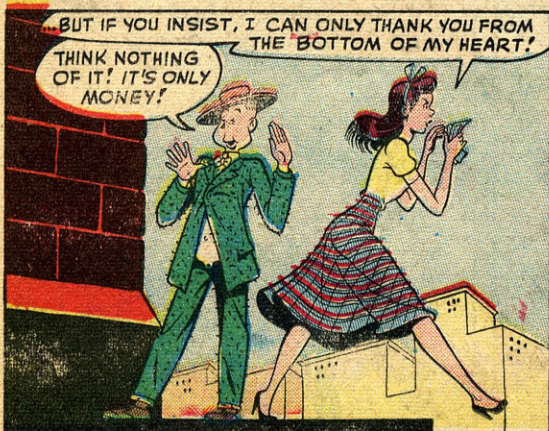
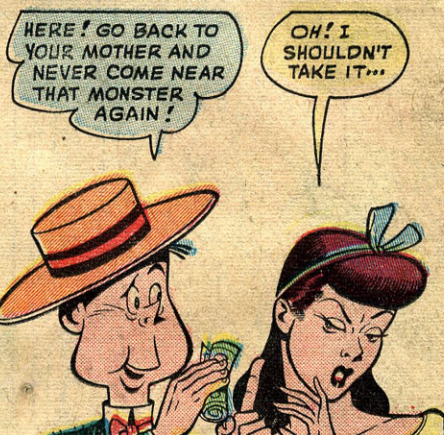
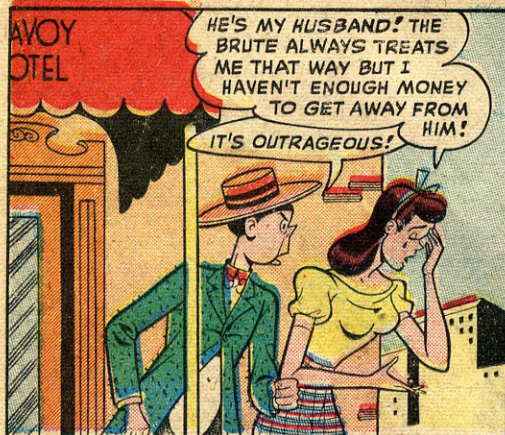
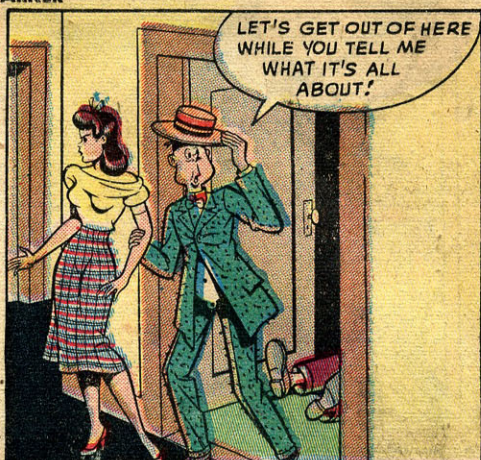
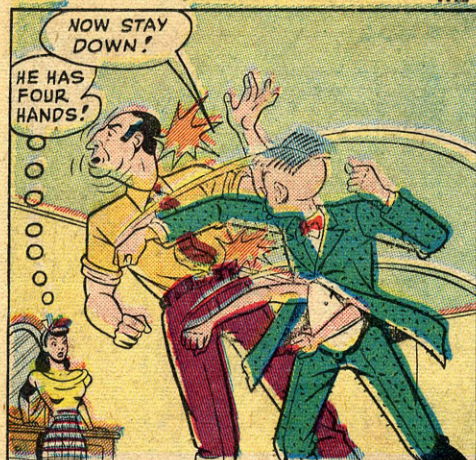
# SPUDO



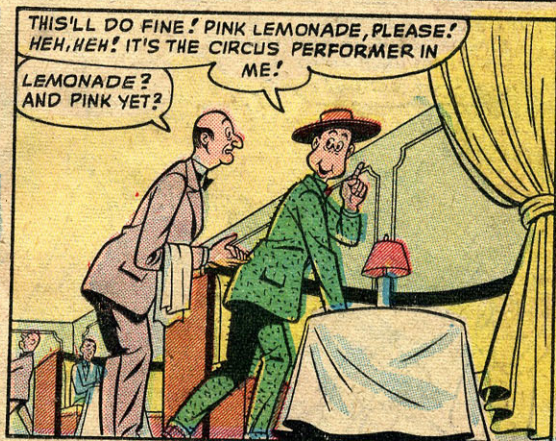
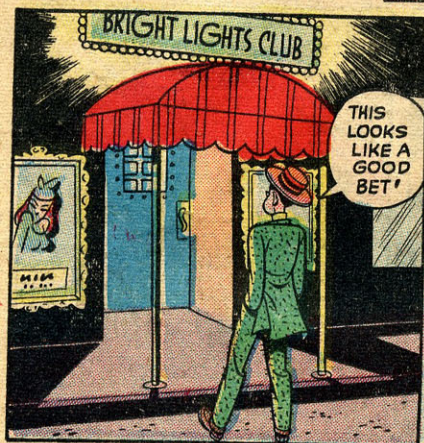
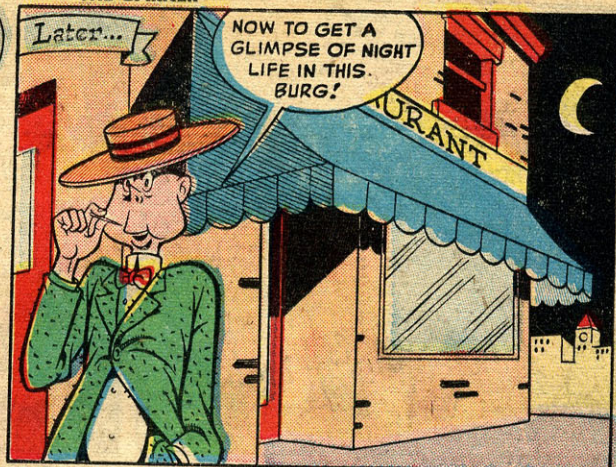
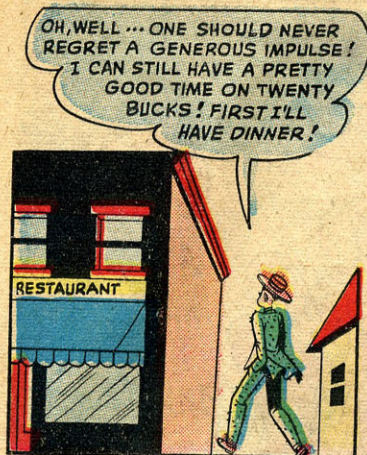




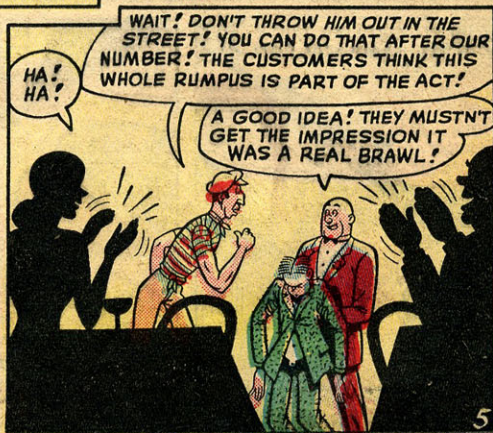
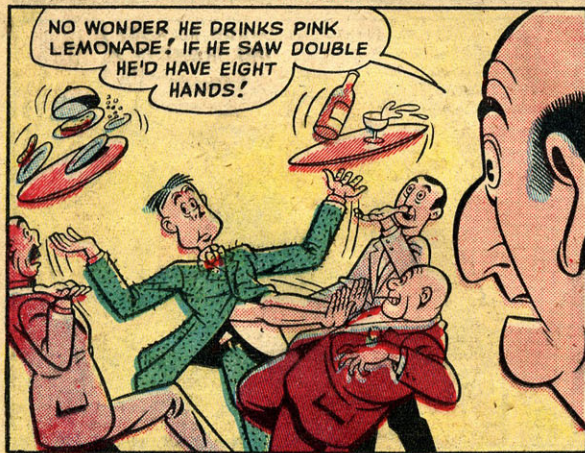
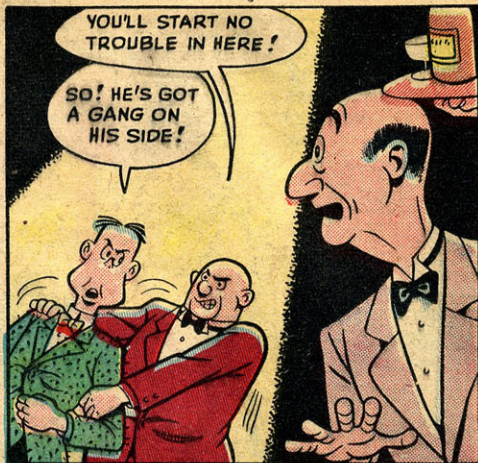








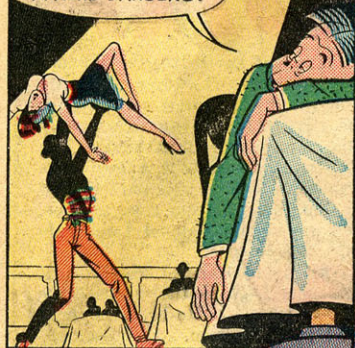






# THE BARKER

WH...WHAT HAPPENED? WHY ARE THOSE TWO ON THE DANCE FLOOR? YAWP! I GET IT NOW! THEY'RE A TEAM OF APACHE DANCERS!



I BROKE UP THEIR ACT! THAT'S WHY I WAS GETTING THE HEAVE-HO! AND AT THE HOTEL THEY WERE ONLY REHEARSING! IT'S MY OWN FAULT THAT THE GIRL PLAYED ME FOR A SUCKER! BUT THAT'S NO REASON TO STAY ONE!



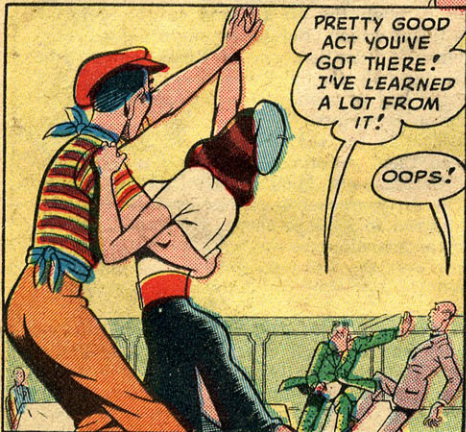
ALL RIGHT, CHUM! YOU CAN BE ON YOUR WAY NOW!

WE'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE ASSISTANCE... WITH A BOOT!



PRETTY GOOD ACT YOU'VE GOT THERE! I'VE LEARNED A LOT FROM IT!

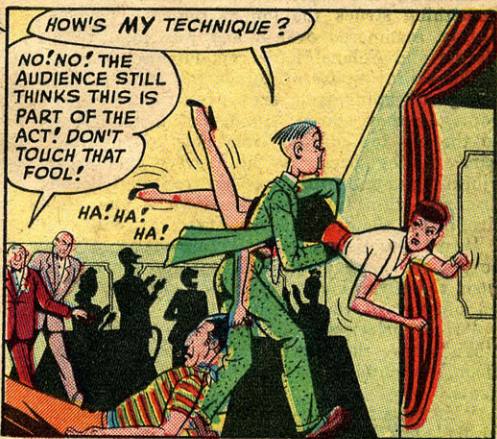
OOPS!



HOW'S MY TECHNIQUE?

NO! NO! THE AUDIENCE STILL THINKS THIS IS PART OF THE ACT! DON'T TOUCH THAT FOOL!

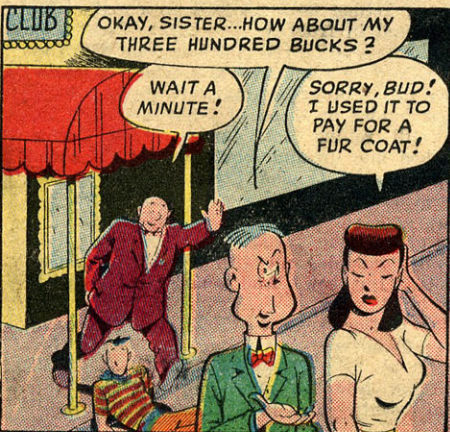
HA! HA! HA!



OKAY, SISTER...HOW ABOUT MY THREE HUNDRED BUCKS?

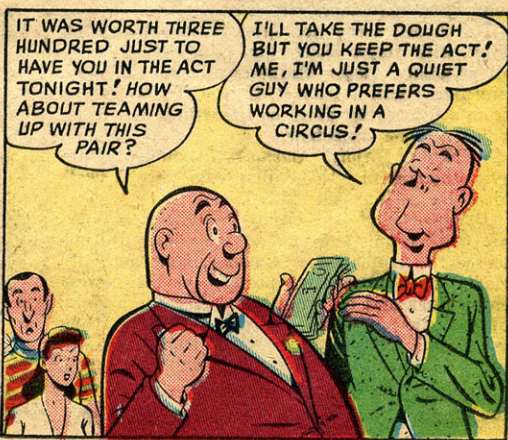
WAIT A MINUTE!

SORRY, BUD! I USED IT TO PAY FOR A FUR COAT!



IT WAS WORTH THREE HUNDRED JUST TO HAVE YOU IN THE ACT TONIGHT! HOW ABOUT TEAMING UP WITH THIS PAIR?

I'LL TAKE THE DOUGH BUT YOU KEEP THE ACT! ME, I'M JUST A QUIET GUY WHO PREFERENCES WORKING IN A CIRCUS!





# WEB & DISASTER

"**C**ARNIE CALLAHAN," growled Colonel Lane, owner of Lane's Mammoth Circus, "you're the dawggonedest Gloomy Gus I ever saw. Here I hire a sensational new act like Buzzo, the Human Fly, who's practically a steal at a measly hundred a week, and you gripe about premonitions."

"Okay," Carnie said, "but that two-legged garbage-chaser has a shifty eye. I wouldn't trust him up a tent pole. And if he's so good, why is he willing to work for peanuts? There's something phoney in this setup. You can be the joy boy if you want to, but I'm going to keep an eye on Buzzo."

Suddenly a low-pitched hum filled the air. Something struck the top of the office wagon lightly, scampered over it and was gone. Both Carnie and Colonel Lane ran outside.

The skinny figure of Buzzo, the Human Fly, was just leaping from the wagon top to a guy rope. As they stared, Buzzo ran up the rope to the big top, darted from pole to pole and came sliding back. As he moved, that soft, vibrant humming that was his trademark came from his thin lips. He slid down a guy and dropped to the ground, grinning at the pair.

"Just practising, gents," Buzzo said. "Got to get the hang of your layout for the afternoon show, you know. Be seeing you." He darted off toward the dressing tent.

"He's priceless," Colonel Lane murmured. "We'll have the crowds goggle-eyed this afternoon, watching him run up and down the tents."

"He runs up and down my spine like a cold chill," Carnie said grimly. "When he goes sour, just remember—I warned you."

He turned away and bumped into the giant Tiny, with Major Midge and Lena, the fat girl, all watching. Major Midge swung his cane, his tiny figure stiff. "I agree, Carnie. That fugitive from a fly swatter gives us the willies, too. He's a wrong one, somehow."

"Thanks, Major," Carnie said suddenly, his eyes thoughtful. "You just gave me a swell idea. Be seeing you, kids."

By one o'clock the circus grounds were jammed with people and most of them were waiting to see the Human Fly. Colonel Lane had hurriedly put out special posters on his newest entertainer and everyone was eager for a sight of the marvel. Carnie, grim-lipped but silent, stood near the midway with Colonel Lane and his pals.

Suddenly that same humming sound filled the air and then was drowned in a long-drawn

*Ahhhhhh!* of amazement as Buzzo, the Human Fly made his appearance. He came humming out of the top of the dressing tent, bursting up almost as if he were really flying. His nimble feet touched the taut canvas and hurled him upward again. His hands caught a guy rope and then he was off, swooping and darting and humming from tent to tent, from rope to rope, while the crowd gaped and Colonel Lane rubbed his plump hands in glee.

"See what a hit he is, Carnie? Maybe next time you'll put some faith in the circus sense of an old-timer like me..." He broke off with a sudden choked yell of alarm.

Buzzo, swooping down a long rope, suddenly shot through the air to land on the steps of the ticket wagon. Before anyone could move or divine his intention, one of Buzzo's long arms shot through the wicket and his hand closed on the bag of money that represented the afternoon's receipts.

"Thanks for the donation, suckers," Buzzo called then, grinning, and leaped into motion.

"Carnie, stop him!" howled Colonel Lane. "The dirty crook has all our cash. That's why he agreed to work so cheap. He wasn't practising this morning; he was working out a getaway route over the tent-tops to that thick forest beyond the lot. Once in there we'll never catch him."

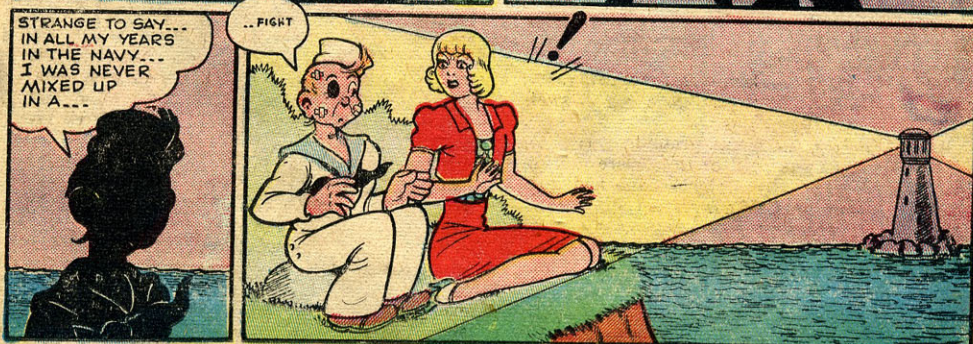
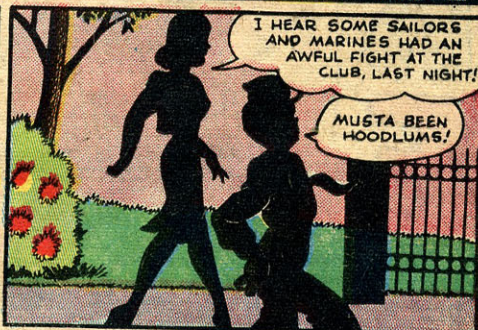
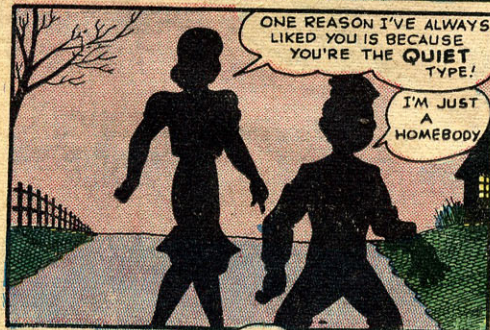
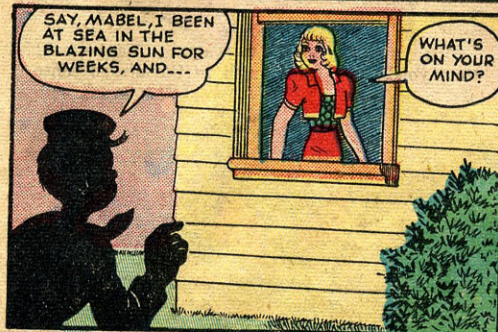
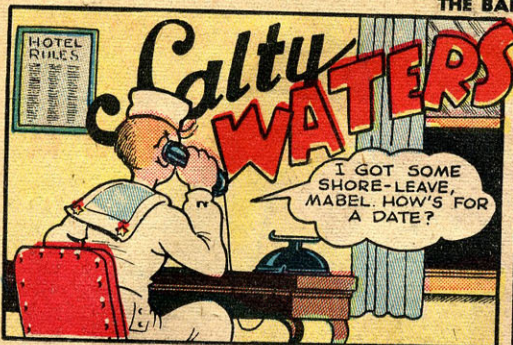
Carnie chuckled, winked at Tiny and Major Midge and Spudo, and strolled casually across the street. Buzzo, flying up from the ticket wagon to the adjoining tent, suddenly let out a yowl of fright and rage. He seemed to thresh wildly on the canvas for a moment and then he came rolling down to land with a thud on the ground in front.

Buzzo was no longer the thin, sleek figure in tights. Now he was more like a bundle of waste-paper tossed into the wind, a struggling shape almost hidden by sheets of yellowish paper. He was still rolling and cursing when Carnie snatched him up and sent a hard right slamming into the Human Fly's jaw. Buzzo collapsed and the bag of money spilled from his hands.

"You got him, Carnie," Colonel Lane yelled happily, galloping up with a group of roustabouts. "But how? And what's that stuff all over him?"

The Barker laughed. "How else would you trap a fly but with—fly paper? I suspected what he was up to and laid strips of fly paper all over him. Now the judge can swat him with about twenty years in a first class fly trap."





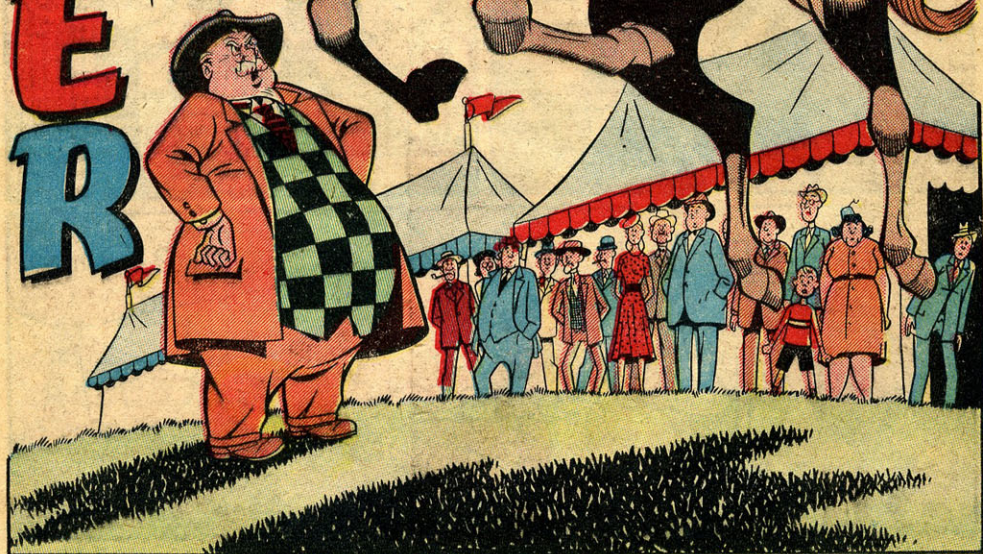


# The BARKER

THE BARKER

I DON'T  
KNOW! ASK  
THE NAG!

CARNIE,  
WHAT KIND  
OF A PITCH  
IS THAT?





As Colonel Lane's Mammoth Circus enters Grubville for a brief stand...

UH-OH! COMPETITION!

BUFFALO BENNY'S OUTFIT!

BUFFALO BENNY'S  
WILD WEST RODEO

OUTFIT? YOU MEAN THAT BROKEN-DOWN BRONCO-BUSTER AND HIS ANTIQUATED HAY-BURNER? HE'S BEEN WORKING THIS STARVATION ROUTINE FOR TEN YEARS NOW!

IT'S SHORE GOOD TO SEE YOU HOMBRES! STILL GOT THE OLD CIRCUS, EH?

WITH AN OCCASIONAL CROOKED STUNT ON THE SIDE HE AND THAT NAG KEEP ALIVE! THERE HE IS NOW!

WAL, IF IT AIN'T COLONEL LANE AND CARNIE CALAHAN!

STOP AND SHAKE HANDS WITH AN OLD PARD!

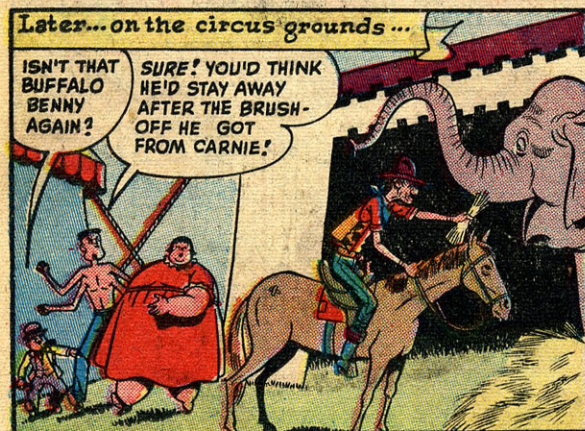
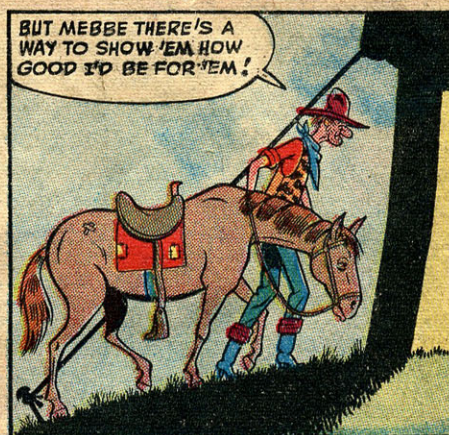
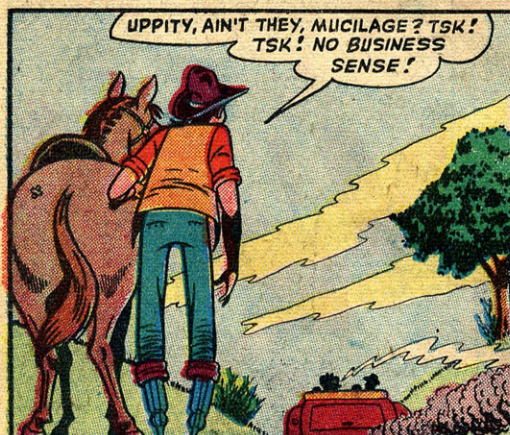
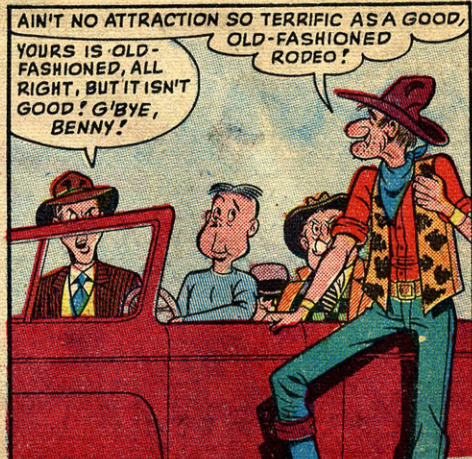
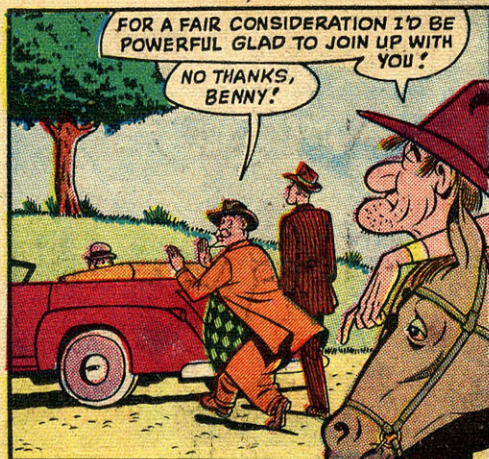
IT'S AS GOOD AS NEW, BENNY!

MEBBE SO! BUT I'M DOIN' MIGHTY FINE IN THIS TOWN! RECKON I'LL BE KEEPIN' A BIT OF BUSINESS AWAY FROM YOUR SHOW!

YOU CAN HAVE THE KIND OF CUSTOMERS WHO WANT TO SEE YOU AND MUCILAGE!

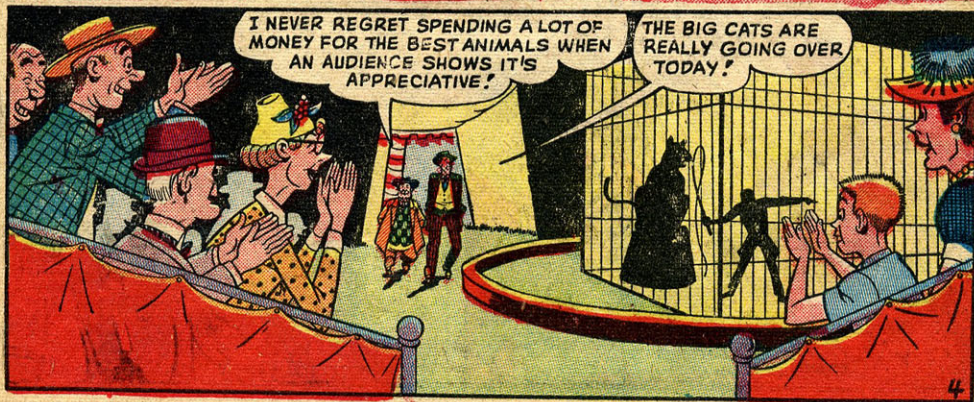
GOOD OLD MUCILAGE AND I STILL THRILL AND CHILL 'EM! OF COURSE, YOU BOYS AND I DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER!



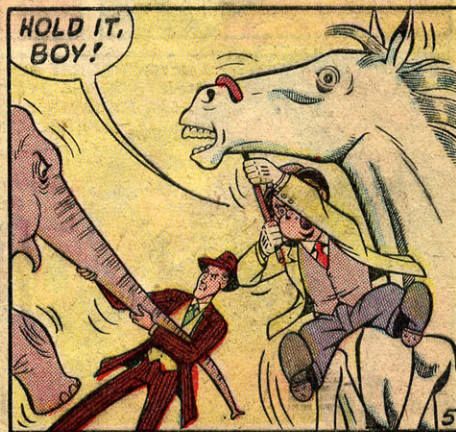
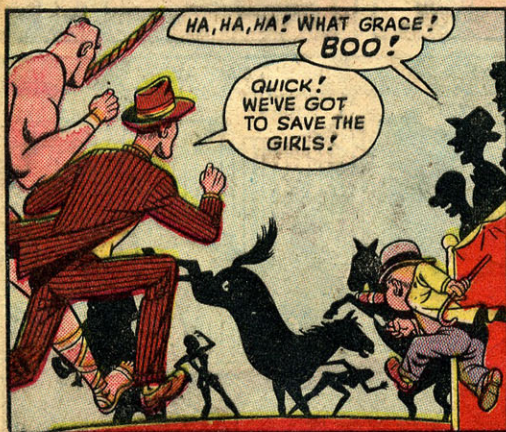
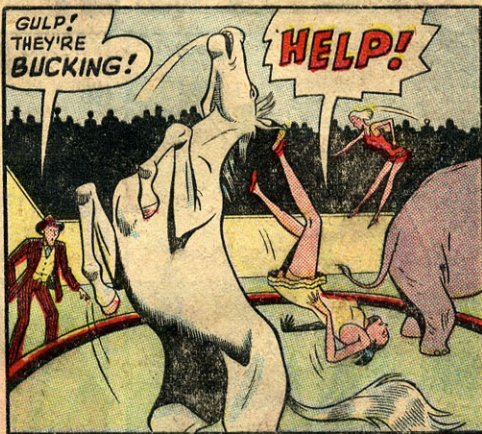
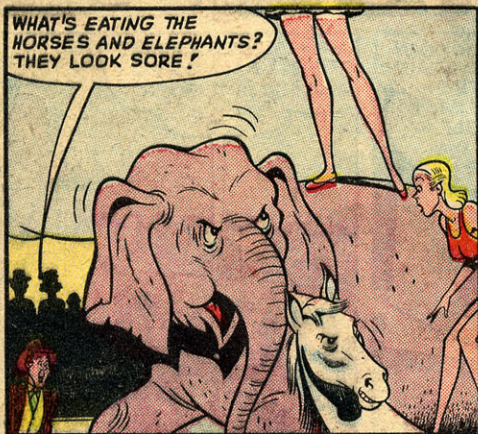
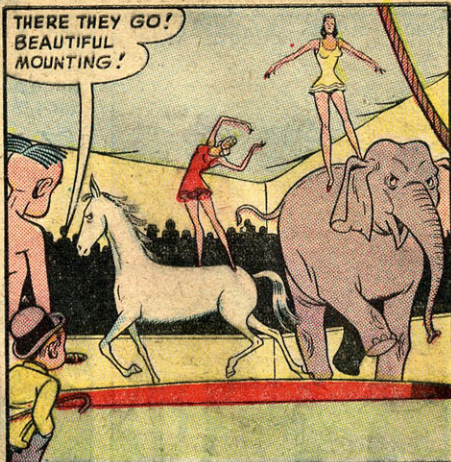
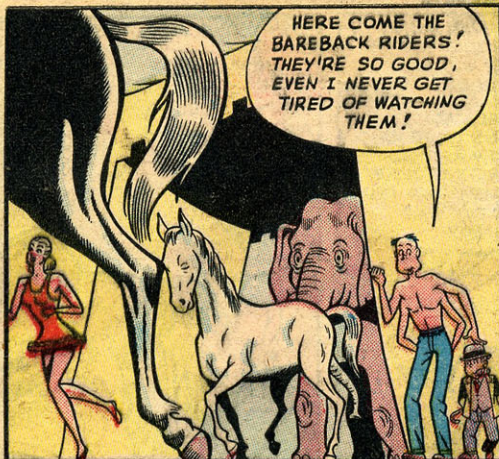




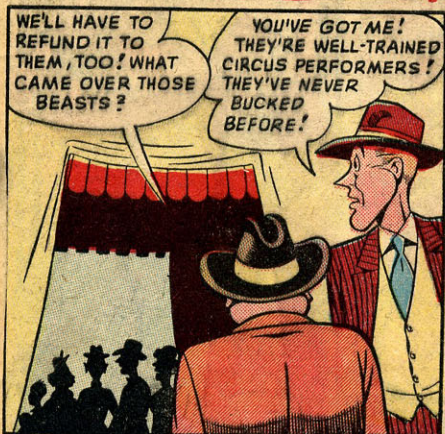
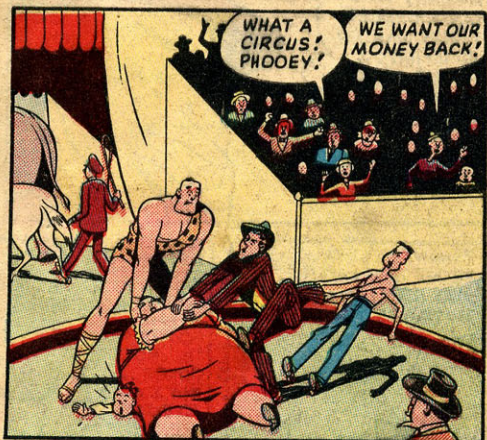
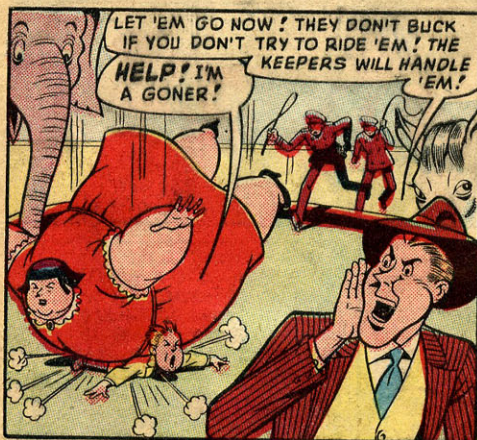
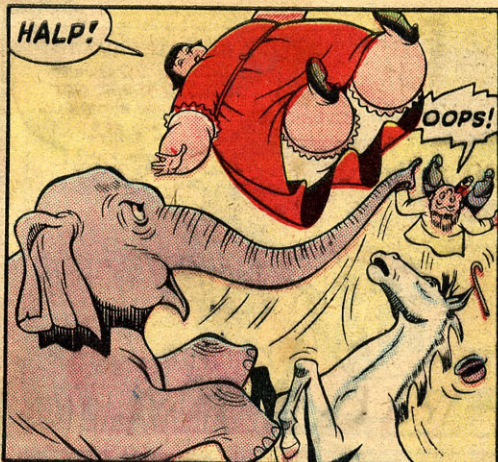
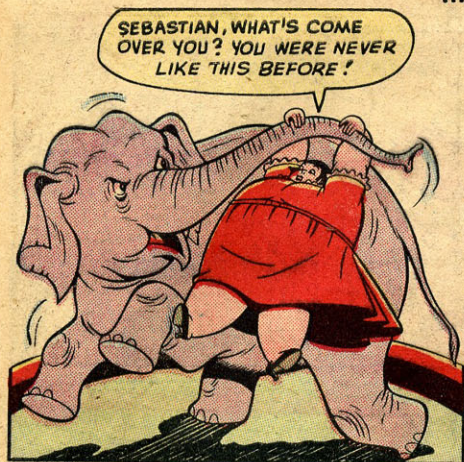
THE BARKER





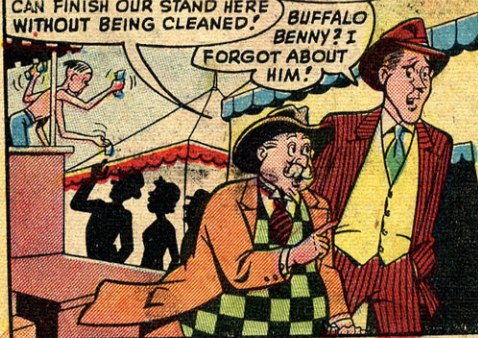






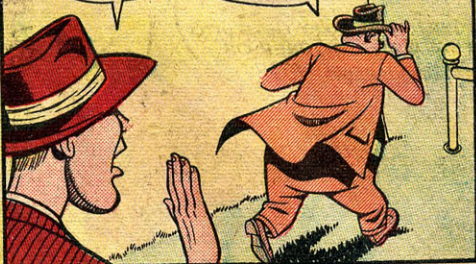


WE CAN'T... UNLESS WE PUT THEM IN A RODEO ACT! BY JOVE! THAT'S IT! IF I CAN STILL GET BUFFALO BENNY TO WORK FOR US, WE CAN FINISH OUR STAND HERE WITHOUT BEING CLEANED!



BUFFALO BENNY? I FORGOT ABOUT HIM!

WAIT, COLONEL! BETTER THINK IT OVER!



NO TIME TO WASTE! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

Later... WAL, COLONEL, I'M SHORE GLAD YOU'VE COME TO SEE IT MY WAY!



THEN YOU'LL TAKE THE JOB! GOOD! NOW, ABOUT MONEY!

A FUNNY COINCIDENCE! BENNY WANTED US TO HAVE A RODEO AND NOW WE'VE GOT ONE!



PSHAW! WE'LL TALK ABOUT THAT LATER! STAY HERE, MUCILAGE!



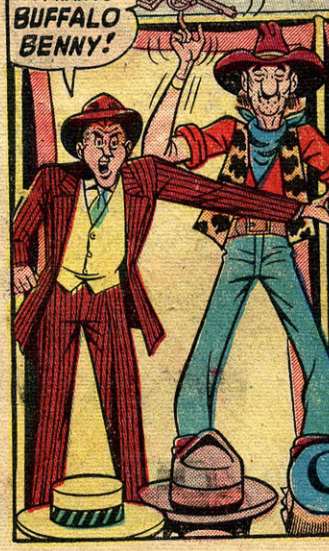
Before the next show....

GET UP THERE AND MAKE THE PITCH, CARNIE!

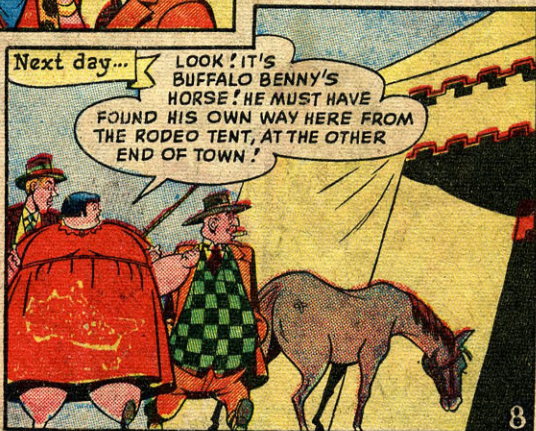
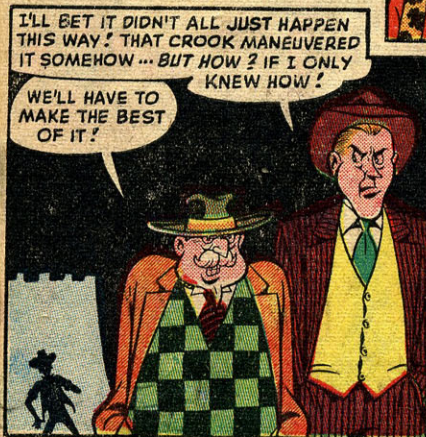
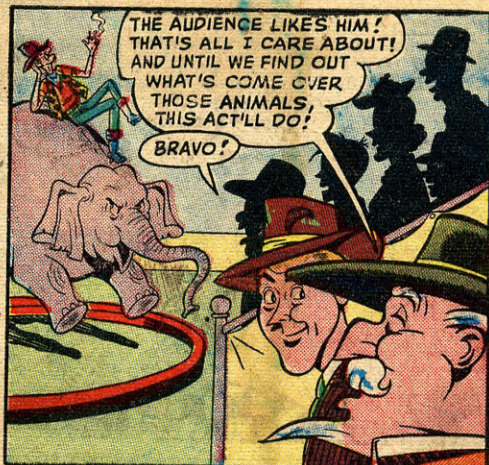
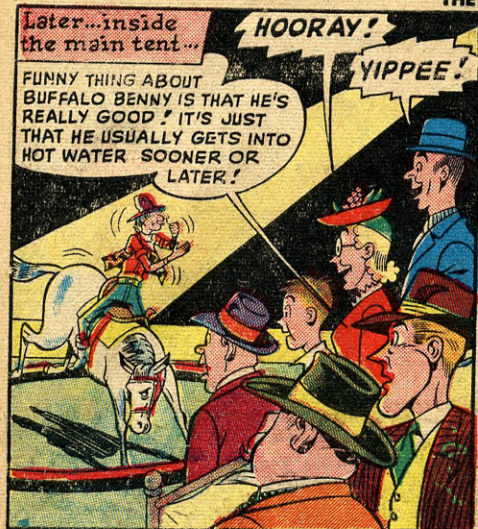
YOU'RE THE BOSS, COLONEL, BUT I HATE TO DO IT! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT BUFFALO BENNY'S SMIRK THAT I DON'T LIKE!



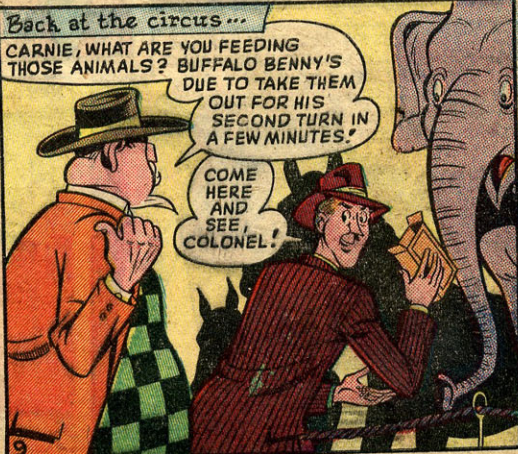
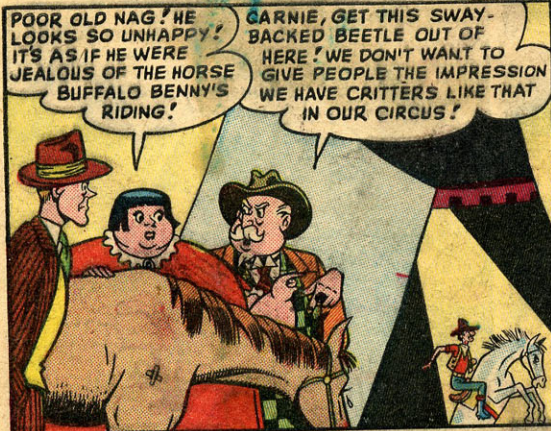
...AND INSTEAD OF THE USUAL BAREBACK ACTS A NEW KIND OF DARING SENSATION FROM THE WILD WEST... RIDING BUCKING HORSES AND ELEPHANTS... **BUFFALO BENNY!**













As the performance continues...

DOGGONE, COLONEL, WHUT'S ALL THEM ANIMALS FOLLOWING ME FOR? I CAN ONLY RIDE ONE AT A TIME! AND WHY AIN'T THIS ONE BUCKING?

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! LET'S GET OUT THERE!



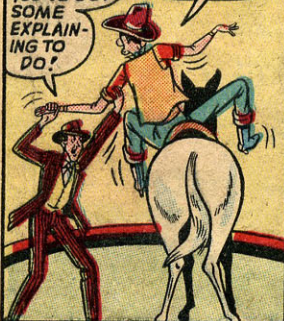
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A REAL TREAT! WE NOW PRESENT THE WORLD'S GREATEST BAREBACK RIDERS INSTEAD OF THIS CORNY OLD RODEO COWBOY!

WAL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!



COME WITH ME, BENNY! YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

I JUST PLUMB DON'T GET IT!



START TALKING!

COOKED UP THE BUCKING MIXTURE WITH SOME LOCO WOOD IN SMALL QUANTITIES! THE SOOTHING MIXTURE'S PLUMB FULL OF SEDATIVES!



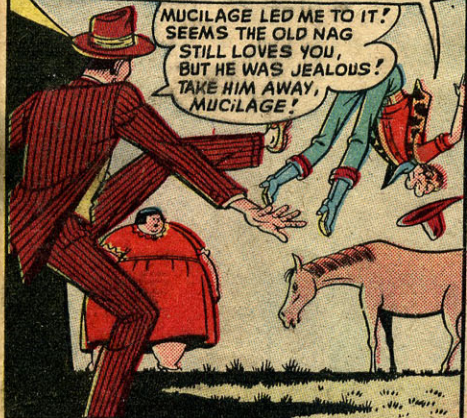
THEN YOU DECIDED TO FEED THE BUCKING MIXTURE TO OUR ANIMALS SO THE COLONEL WOULD DECIDE TO TAKE YOU IN, YOU SKUNK!

HE MUST HAVE MIXED IT IN THE HAY MIDGE AND I SAW HIM FEEDING THEM!



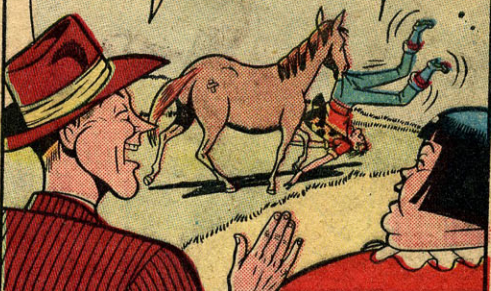
BUT THINGS WERE REAL BAD AT MY RODEO! ANYWAY, HOW'D YOU FIND THE STUFF? AWRK!

MUCILAGE LED ME TO IT! SEEMS THE OLD NAG STILL LOVES YOU, BUT HE WAS JEALOUS! TAKE HIM AWAY, MUCILAGE!



PUT ME DOWN, MUCILAGE! THIS AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT BUFFALO BENNY!

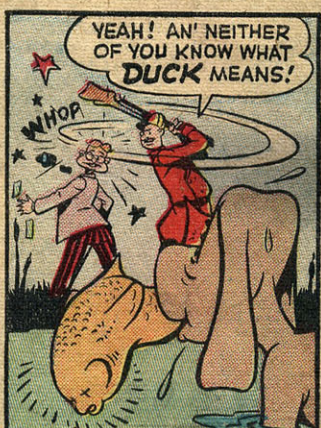
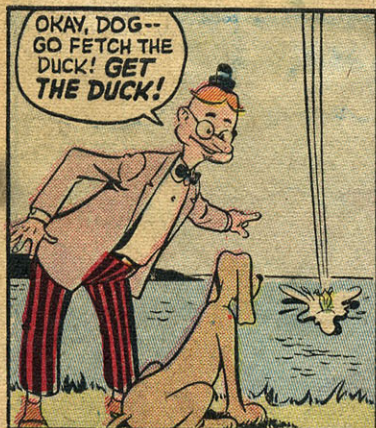
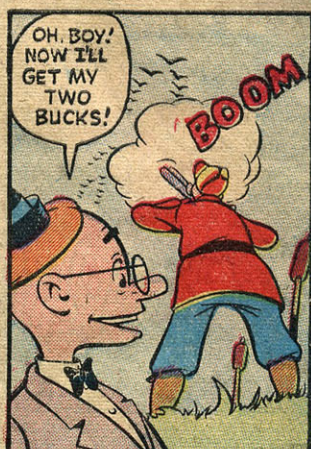
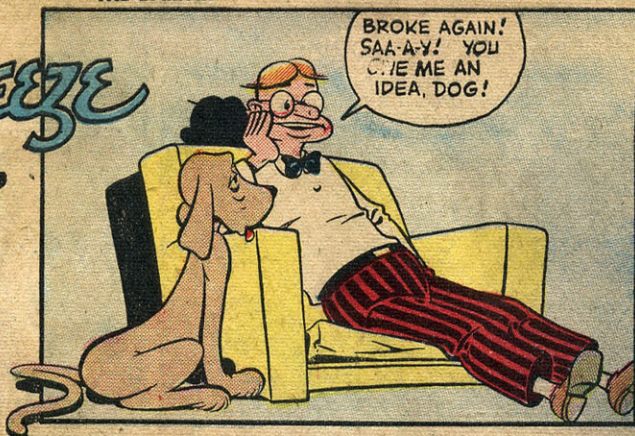
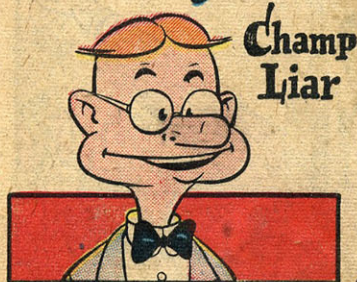
HA! HA! THAT HORSE IS SMART! HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE THAT OLD GYP ARTIST!





# Windy Breeze

Champ  
Liar





Boys!  
Jim Prentice now brings you  
THE AMAZING  
NEW 1950

# ELECTRIC BASEBALL

## TRUE-TO-LIFE ACTION Big League Thrills... Right in Your Home!

Imagine uncartoning this big wonderful Electric Baseball Game. The great \$3 game value you ever saw. You get big game board, playing parts and recording dials. In addition you get the electric unit and standard battery. You also get the fast action electric bat that slams the pitched balls to the electric contacts. These are the extra amazing secrets that give you thrills and enjoyment. Speedy zooming fun you expect from a baseball game. This is a big game, size 16x14x1½. The electric unit and diamond are encased in a strong enameled wood frame. Only \$3. Our guarantee "You must be satisfied" Use the coupon. You take no chance.

IT'S ONE SWELL GAME!  
I PLAY IT WITH MY BOY...  
WE GET A GREAT KICK  
OUT OF IT!

IT'S A  
HIT!

NEVER BEFORE  
HAVE I SEEN A GAME  
THAT GIVES YOU THE FEEL  
OF ACTUAL BALL



STEEL BALL ZIPS  
THROUGH SLOT

ELECTRIC LIGHTS  
FLASH THE PLAYS

BATTER TRIES  
TO NAIL THE PITCH

DOUBLE LIGHT  
- HOME RUN

UMPIRE CALLS STRIKES  
BALLS-DECIDES CLOSE PLAYS

Fellas!

## Get up a League! PLAY A SERIES OF GAMES

Each fellow represents his favorite team. Set up a schedule, with double headers. Keep the scores, figure percentages. Award a pennant for first place, just like the big leagues. Order a game for your club today. Send \$3, with the coupon. We'll rush the game complete with all parts and battery ready for your first game. Only \$3, postpaid. C.O.D. \$1. deposit. Postman collects balance plus fee.



## THE ELECTRIC GAME CO.

98 Front Street, Holyoke, Mass.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE 5 DAYS TRIAL

The Electric Game Co., Inc., 98 Front St., Holyoke, Mass. Amount Enclosed \$... ..

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Electric \$3. | * Transformer plug-in models                       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Football, Electric \$3. | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball, Super El. \$10. |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Flash Quiz, Elec. \$3.  | All Games Sent Postpaid                            |

C. O. D.  
Send \$1. deposit  
Postman collects  
balance and fee.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

\* Super Electric Games, size 22" x 14" x 2", wood frames with transformer and plug in cord for AC house current. Price \$10.00 postpaid.

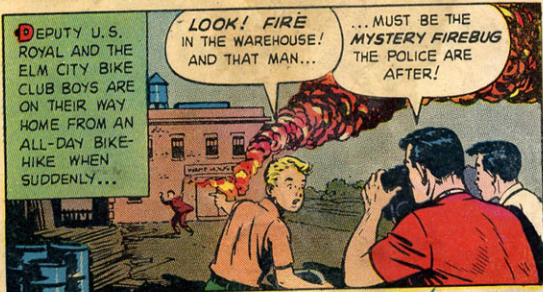


# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOCUSING ON  
THE FIREBUG



DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM AN ALL-DAY BIKE-RIKE WHEN SUDDENLY...

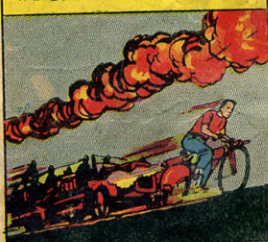
LOOK! FIRE IN THE WAREHOUSE! AND THAT MAN...

...MUST BE THE MYSTERY FIREBUG THE POLICE ARE AFTER!



...MAYBE THE PICTURE I TOOK WILL CLEAR UP SOME OF THE MYSTERY! GET THIS FILM DEVELOPED FELLAS, WHILE I JET OVER TO THE FIRE-STATION FOR HELP!

WITH ALL-OUT JET SPEED, U.S. ROYAL--LEADING THE FIRE-TRUCK--IS SOON ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE BURNING WAREHOUSE...



...WHERE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE BIG BLAZE WITH ALL THEY'VE GOT!

GOOD! HERE COME THE BOYS WITH THE DEVELOPED INFRARED FILM I TOOK!



WELL, THE FIRE'S OUT... THE WAREHOUSE IS SAVED... BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHO THE FIREBUG IS...

NO, BUT THIS WILL SHOW US WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... THE REST OUGHT TO BE EASY!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FIREBUG IS BROUGHT IN, MAKES A FULL CONFESSION WHEN HE SEES THE PICTURE OF HIMSELF IN ACTION!

...IN APPRECIATION FOR A LITTLE FAST LENSWORK... PLUS A LOT OF FAST FOOTWORK!

PLUS OUR U.S. ROYALS!



FELLAS, WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES-- WITH THAT SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



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